

# ART OR NATURE?

By LUCY COPINGER

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Anna Karenina and Sophie Bauerschmidt were sitting on the curb-stone in front of the Bauerschmidt saloon. They were talking about Miss Lucy.

"My sister," said Sophie, "seen Miss Lucy and she says she's a swell."

Sophie's sister, a creature of a very big pompadour that hung coquettishly into one eye, worked at the beauty-counter of a department store and was therefore the social oracle of the Bauerschmidt circle.

There was an element of gloom in Anna's nature that discounted for her all things pedagogical. "A swell!" she echoed disdainfully, "she ain't even no lady. My mother says she ain't nothing but a working-woman. Ladies never do no work. They just sits all day und puds things on their faces like my mother."

"Well, anyhow," said Sophie, "Miss Lucy's got nice clothes."

"They ain't so much," insisted Anna; "she ain't got no silk peddicoad und she never wears no beads."

"But she's pretty, anyhow," said Sophie.

"Hod air," Anna scoffed. "Why, she's god red hair."

"It's the style," argued Sophie. "My sister put stuff on her hair, and some of it's red and the rest aint."

"Thad's like my mother's," Anna agreed; "but Miss Lucy's is just all red."

"But it's curly," wavered Sophie; "it's curly down by her ear."

"And you never read?" cried Anna, angered at such denseness. Thad aint no real curl."

"It's spit then," said Sophie.

"She puds it up," said Anna, with finality; "I bed you she does."

"I bet you she don't," snapped Sophie.

"Whad'll you bed?" cried Anna.

"Nothum," said Sophie femininely.

"You're afraid," Anna jeered. "I bed you a cend she does."

"I bet you a cent she don't," cried the taunted Sophie.

"All right," said Anna; "just waid dill id rains." Then, growing weary of Sophie's company, she departed to the more congenial pursuits of the gang.

Two days later it rained, Miss Lucy, having come to school in the midst of a damp, depressing drizzle, went to



Painfully Shy, Woman-Fearing Young Man.

her bookcase where she kept a small looking-glass carefully hidden beneath a gilt-lettered "Teacher's Creed." The principal had often noted and approved the cheerful and long-sustained attention that Miss Lucy gave to her Creed each morning.

However, that morning the inspection was short. The dampness had flattened her fresh waist into a slovenly, limp garment, and the end of her nose was damp and coldly pink. Being a mere feminine creature of clothes, she slammed the bookcase door and sitting down at her desk looked gloomily and bitterly at the 60 members of Class A. Owing to the inclement weather Class A was in an unbecoming state of damp greasiness and nature, in a vain attempt to give a bath to her neglected children, had only made matters worse.

Anna Karenina looked like a wet fresh sausage and according to her usual custom in rainy weather she had taken off the blue hair ribbon that was her sole garter, thus letting both her stockings hang down over her shoes. True, her legs felt cold, but she had an idea that her stockings thus worn resembled the garters that Miss Lucy sometimes donned. Unlike Anna, whose morning ablutions no pleading could extend farther than the dainty wetting of a finger tip which was then cautiously applied to the corner of each eye, Bum O'Reilly every morning obligingly washed his face in a three-inch circle whose center was his nose—an oasis of cleanliness in a desert of dirt. But, unfortunately, he smelt like a very strong

stogie. This odor united with the ambrosial perfume of stale beer that surrounded Sophie and the scent of coal oil with which Josef Buresch, whose mother was vain, anointed his too sparse coiffure. In the face of this union Frederick William, whom Miss Lucy had placed in the first and nearest seat, valiantly but vainly gave forth his usual clean, soapy smell of the laundry.

Miss Lucy, as she sat and smelled the many-scented incense of Class A, felt a depressing wane of her young enthusiasm.

Just at this moment the half-closed door opened and a young man peeped shyly in. He was a timid-looking young man with pale spectacled eyes and he carried a red copybook. Miss Lucy, seeing the book, knew the young man to be the critic teacher.

This critic teacher was the dread embassy of the training school under whose kindly guidance still continued such young and tender teachers as Miss Lucy. And it was often found that after a visit from this critic teacher these same young and tender teachers must perforce hide themselves back to the school, there to study a year longer.

"He sits in your room," a teacher friend had shudderingly told Miss Lucy, "and you don't know what you are saying and everything you take hold of drops, and all the time he just sits there and writes down all your mistakes and you stay at home for a week after because you are sick."

"How silly!" exclaimed the superior Miss Lucy. "I never get nervous. If he comes in my room I shall merely greet him with my ordinary manner and go on with my usual work."

From this calm announcement we can easily imagine Miss Lucy advancing to meet the critic teacher with an ineffable condescension. Instead of which she stood still and opened her mouth several times vainly. Then she gurgled. The critic teacher, who in reality was only a painfully shy, woman-fearing young man, also gurgled. He then extended a cold and clammy hand, which was met by one equally cold and clammy. At this point a loud whisper was heard from Sophie Bauerschmidt who suspected Miss Lucy of matrimonial designs upon every man from the janitor down. "It's Miss Lucy's beau," she explained loudly. Miss Lucy glared wildly at her and the critic teacher, sinking weakly into a chair, opened his notebook. Miss Lucy turned to her class and for a moment smiled vaguely and appealingly at them with a dreadful shadow of her "entertainment" smile. Then, suppressing a tendency to swallow all the time, she began to direct the reading lesson in a voice that reminded her of Frederick William reciting a memory gem. As for the critic teacher, still appalled by the announcement that he was Miss Lucy's beau, he sat wretchedly on the ridge of Miss Lucy's chair and wrote swiftly and constantly in his book.

At last Frederick William's turn came to read. "See kitty chump," said he. It was the first sentence in the primer and the only one he had ever mastered. He rendered it upon all occasions and it was always accepted by Miss Lucy with an indulgent smile. However, this time she shook her head. "No, dear," she said sweetly; "try again."

"See kitty chump," said Frederick complacently.

Then Miss Lucy came toward him and bending over him pointed to the first word.

It was at this moment that the stillness of the room was suddenly dispelled by a loud smack. This smack—sudden, loud and sharp—was followed by a breathless gasp from the class. Then a sound of lamentation fell upon the air.

"Anna," said Miss Lucy, instinctively, "come here. And you, Sophie, also."

Anna came sullenly, Sophie tearfully nursing a very red cheek. Miss Lucy, standing between them, glanced at the critic teacher. He had stopped writing and, pen held in hand, was evidently critically waiting the outcome of this breach of discipline.

"Anna," began Miss Lucy, "why did you strike Sophie?"

"I never done id," declared Anna.

"Sophie," said Miss Lucy, "why did Anna strike you?"

Sophie, who was rather enjoying herself, sniffed violently. "She took my cent," she said, "and I got it back and then she hit me in the jaw and, Miss Lucy, I got the toothache," finished this victim of Anna's rapacity.

"You're a liar," said Anna angrily, "and you waid dill I ged you outside und I'll knock your block off." Then, with a sullen sob, "id was'n't my cend anyhow. Id was'n't even spid."

At this point Sophie, who loved an audience, broke in. "And she said you put your hair up in curl-papers at night and she said your petticoat wasn't even silk and she said you didn't have no holes in your stockings."

At these revelations Miss Lucy gasped and, sitting down hysterically upon a desk, looked at the critic teacher. Outraged and horrified by the idea that he, a young man of exemplary habits, should be thus drawn into a discussion concerning feminine

hosiery, the critic teacher had risen, pale and with a wild look in his eyes. For a moment he and Miss Lucy, both stricken gurgles, looked at each other. Then seizing his hat, he turned and hastened without the portals of the depraved and immoral Class A. As the door shut upon his scandalized back, Miss Lucy, glancing toward her desk, caught sight of a red copybook lying there open. All the beautiful moral precepts that were the delight of Class A quite forgot, she clutched the copybook and feverishly turned its pages. They were all blank.

"What an awful old fake!" she exclaimed; "worse than I am;" and then, to Bum O'Reilly, "James, run and take this to the gentleman that was here just now."

Later, when the dismissal bell rang and the children were departing, Miss Lucy fastened Anna's ragged pink fascinator over her head. Then, as she gave her a gentle shove out the door, she stealthily pressed a cent into the child's dirty hand.

After which she went to the bookcase and looked at herself in the glass. Regretfully and tenderly she pulled a melancholy strand, once the pride and joy of her heart, that hung limply down by her ear. "And id was'n't even spid," she said gloomily.

## REVEALED BY THE TONGUE.

In Many Ways the Organ of Speech Is Capable of "Giving Away" Its Owner.

From the observations made a physiognomist it appears that the tongue when quite still can be as eloquent in giving its owner away as when it is wagging sixteen to the dozen. This is a hard fact for a silent man to swallow—in silence. His only remedy is to keep well so as to obviate the necessary injunction of the doctor to put his tongue out, for by this thrust out sign the doctor shall know him.

The tongue of the talker when obtruded inclines to the right side of the mouth, we are asked to believe, whereas the seldom used tongue gravitates to the left side. Orators, preachers and barristers are endowed with right sided tongues. Verbally parsimonious persons have left sided tongues.

Furthermore, "the tongue that shoots out straight without turning or wavering indicates a solid, reliable man of affairs." Tongues that turn up indicate impractical natures. A downward, drooping tongue belongs to a person born to poverty and a ready eye for the hopeless side of things.

The cruel tongue flattens and broadens when extended. The delicate speaking organ with curled up edges is the property of an imaginative and artistic being. When the tongue issues forth as if gripped in a dental vise, it signifies a love of life more than ordinary.

Finally we are warned that the individual who thrusts forth his tongue to its extreme verge is a person to whom no secret should ever be confided, for he is an irresponsible chatter.

## Need Compass in Forest.

Chief Engineer Burgess of the Honduras National railway, giving advice to engineers working in the tropics, says, emphatically: "Don't get lost!" He adds that a man should no more think of going into a tropical forest without a compass than of going alone to sea without one. Without a compass one has no way of getting his direction. In a few minutes he is turned round. The sun can only be seen, if at all, when directly overhead. There is no moss on the trees to serve for a guide. Distant elevations, mountains, if any exist, cannot be seen on account of the density of the forest. Even on the treeless llanos of South America, where the mountains are too distant to be seen, the compass is the only guide. One can tell the direction of east and west at sunrise and sunset, but in the middle of the day it is useless as a guide, because it is almost directly overhead, and often one may stand in the shadow of his own hat.—Youth's Companion.

## Cannibalism.

Cannibalism continues to form part of "the white man's burden" in Polynesia. "While Fiji," says Ethnologist A. P. Rice, "is the classic land of cannibalism, the very next group, the Tonga Islands, lack it entirely; it is a common practice in the Marques Islands, but held in abhorrence in Hawaii. In Fiji the custom is a part of the state religion and is demanded of the gods. Revenge upon enemies is the most constant reason for exercising it, but each island keeps a blacklist from which victims are taken on occasion. Those who die a natural death and chiefs are never eaten. The absence of animals from which a sufficient meat diet can be obtained is a probable stimulant to the great extension of cannibalism over the Pacific, and the modern introduction of such animal diet a contributing cause of its extinction."

## Thousands in Aerial League.

The French Aerial league numbers 10,000 members.

## IN PLACE OF FISH COURSE

Try Serving a Dainty Dressed Vegetable and You Will Be Satisfied with Results.

A friend of mine who lives in the country, where fish is unobtainable, serves a dainty dressed vegetable, usually fritters, or fried, where the fish course comes in a town dinner. It is an excellent plan, well worth adopting, especially in the hot weather, when it is very often impossible to get reliable fish.

Required: One pound of small ripe but firm tomatoes, two teaspoonfuls of vinegar, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of salad oil.

For the frying batter: Quarter of a pound of flour, one egg, one tablespoonful of melted butter or dripping, one tablespoonful of milk, four tablespoonfuls of tepid water, salt, frying fat.

Cut each tomato into four slippets. Put them in a dish, sprinkle over the oil, vinegar, parsley, and a dust of salt and pepper. Let them stand while the batter is being prepared, turning them over occasionally.

To make the batter: Sieve the flour, and a saltspoonful of salt into a basin, make a hole in the middle, and put in the butter, yolk of eggs and milk. Mix them smoothly in, adding the water gradually. Beat the batter well with a wooden spoon, then let it stand for half an hour.

Whip the white of egg to a very stiff froth, and have ready a pan of frying fat. Add the white of egg lightly to the batter. Dip each piece of tomato into the batter, then drop it into the frying fat, having first made sure there is a bluish smoke rising from it. Fry the pieces a golden brown, drain on kitchen paper, and serve at once.—Exchange.

## POPULAR WITH THE CHILDREN

Black Cap Pudding a Light, Simple Dessert Especially Adapted for the Nursery.

This is a light, simple pudding, and children greatly enjoy it.

Required: Quarter of a pound of flour, one egg, half a pint of milk, a few currants, a pinch of salt.

Sieve the flour and salt into a basin. Beat up the egg, add about two tablespoonfuls of milk to it, make a well in the middle of the flour, put in the egg and stir the flour gradually and smoothly into it, adding half the milk; when all the flour is mixed in beat the batter well.

Then add the rest of the milk, and, if possible, let the batter stand for an hour or even longer.

Thickly butter some small cups or molds, sprinkle the bottom of each with a few cleaned currants, or sultanas if you prefer them. Pour in enough batter to three-quarters fill the molds. Stand the molds in a saucepan, or what is more convenient, a shallow stewpan. Pour in enough boiling water to come nearly half-way up the molds. Lay a piece of greased paper across the top of the tins, put on the lid and steam them for one hour.

Turn them carefully on to a hot dish and serve some marmalade sauce with them.

## ALCOHOL PITCHER.



This alcohol pitcher is a great convenience for use with the chafing dish. Its long spout makes it easy to pour the alcohol, while the tight-fitting cap prevents evaporation. It is ornamental, too, don't you think?

## To Make Fruit Juices.

Take half a pound of sugar to one of fruit. Sprinkle sugar on fruit. Let stand over night. In the morning put on stove and let come to a boil. Strain through cheese cloth. Put in air tight jars. The last can be squeezed, but should be kept separate, as it will not be so clear.

## Curried Eggs.

Four eggs, one ounce of butter, one ounce of chopped onion, half an ounce of flour, one gill of milk and water, one teaspoonful of curry powder, the juice of half a lemon, boiled rice.

## Veal and Parsley Sauce.

One small knuckle of veal, a pinch of sweet herbs, one onion, one pint of white sauce, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, slices of lemon.

Put the veal on in sufficient hot water to cover it, add the onion and herbs and let it simmer very gently for three hours. Take up the meat, put it on a hot dish and pour over it some of the white sauce, in which has been stirred a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. The rest of the sauce must be sent to table in a tureen. Garnish with slices of lemon.

## THE LAW'S DELAY.



Hix—What's the best way to never settle a question?

Dix—Go to law about it.

## CHILD HAD SIXTY BOILS.

And Suffered Annually with a Red Scald-Like Humor on Her Head.

## Troubles Cured by Cuticura.

"When my little Vivian was about six months old her head broke out in boils. She had about sixty in all and I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment which cured her entirely. Some time later a humor broke out behind her ears and spread up on to her head until it was nearly half covered. The humor looked like a scald, very red with a sticky, clear fluid coming from it. This occurred every spring. I always used Cuticura Soap and Ointment which never failed to heal it up. The last time it broke out it became so bad that I was discouraged. But I continued the use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent until she was well and has never been troubled in the last two years. Mrs. M. A. Schwerin, 674 Spring Wells Ave., Detroit, Mich., Feb. 24, 1908."   
Fetter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

## Unite to Fight the White Plague.

Confirming the recent statement of Dr. William Osler that the anti-tuberculosis campaign is no longer a battle for the doctors only, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis issues a statement in which it is shown that 45 per cent. of those enlisted in the white plague war are laymen.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

If a man never told a lie it's because no young mother ever asked him what he thought of her baby.

# OWES HER LIFE TO

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va. — "I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." — Mrs. EMMA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

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